

## [L. C. McBride]

[Moss:LL?]

### FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis St.

DATE March 21, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore stuff

1. Name and address of informant. L.C. McBride, 1711 [Hardwood?] St. Lincoln, Nebr.
2. Date and time of interview. Mar 21, 1939 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
3. Place of interview. Home of informant.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant. R. [Donahoo?] — 1025 So. 11th St. Lincoln, Nebraska.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you. None.
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Well furnished comfortable, American style room, average modern type, with some civil war relics, G.A.R. uniform and medals, one, "The Purple Heart" gold emblem of bravery issued by the Government. This is of recent date. Room [?] more youthful than its 92 year old occupant but its arrangement of easy chairs, and couch suggests that comfort requirements of an aging infirm person. House is somewhat better than average bungalow dwelling and is situated in a good American neighborhood on pavement. [C. — 16: ?]

### Form B Personal History of Informant

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NAME OF WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis St.

DATE March 21, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore stuff

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT McBride, 1711 Harwood, Lincoln, Nebr.

1. Ancestry. Dutch Irish Scotch.
2. Place and date of birth. Urbana, Ohio, May 25, 1847
3. Family. Wives dead. 4 children living.
4. Place lived in, with dates. Urbana, Ohio, 1847 to 1855. South Bend, Indiana 1855 to 1865, also with Union Army. [Marengo, Iowa, 1865 to 1875?] Central City, Nebr. 1875 to 1886 [Exeter, Nebraska 1886 to 1890?] Lincoln, Nebraska 1890 to date
5. Education, with dates. Grade school, South Bend Indiana 1855 to 1862. High school, Marengo, Iowa 1866 to 1870.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates. Union Army 1862 to 1865. Brick mason 1865 to 1875. Grocery business 1875 to 1879. Justice of Peace 1867 to 75. R.R. Mail clerk 1880 to 1882. Farmer 1882-1886. Hardware and implements, Exeter, Nebr. 1886-1890. Farming, hay and grain dealer 1890 to 1910, Lumberyard 1910 to 1914. City weigh master 1915. Miscellaneous work 1915 to 1920.
7. Special skills and interests. Brick mason, merchant base drummer, singing.
8. Community and religious activities. Methodist church. Public moral benefit.
9. Description of informant. Clear piercing eyes, one blind, fleshy face, regular features denoting strength, rugged, well kept military appearance unusually [neat?] for age, mustache.

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10. Other points gained in interview. Goatee beard, medium short stature, stout, active, good talker, intelligent, with dignified poise seems in no way senile as would be expected at this ripe old age. Mr. McBride is one of the four or five active, G.A.R. members in Lancaster county.

Regrets loss of last wife, his third, indicates that life now is monotonous and restricted by age limitations.

FORM C

Name of WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis St.

DATE March 21, 1939 SUBJECT American Folklore stuff

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT.. Lewis C. McBride 1711 Harwood St.

We lived in South Bend, Indiana from 1855 to the end of the Civil War. It was there in about 1859 that I got a chance to hear Abraham Lincoln and Stephen Douglas make speeches in a sort of debate. They spoke of LaPorte, Indiana and the railroad ran an excursion, 50¢ for the round trip from South Bend.

At that time my father was a Democrat and of course, I was too, although only a boy. Mr. Lincoln appeared in a shiny black suit and rusty plug hat. Douglas was a regular dandy in tailor-made well fitting clothes and an elegant plug hat.

I was seated with four other boys on the first row of seats and when the speaking was finished, Mr. Lincoln stepped down from the platform and stopped by us. He said 'I want to shake hands with these boys, they are the ones who will soon take up this great work.'

It made us feel pretty good to be there to see and be seen. I came very near turning Republican that day.

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In December 1862 when I was fifteen years old, I enlisted in the Union Army and was in service until August of 1865. We went with Sherman on his march to the sea and I got as far as Atlanta, Ga. Rebel General Hood had crossed the Tennessee river into Tennessee and our division was ordered back to clean them up. In the battle, which followed at Franklin, 2 Tennessee, I was struck in the knee cap by a Minnie ball and for 5 months I lay in a hospital 25 miles south of Nashville. At Murphysboro hospital gangrene had set in and they wanted to amputate my leg but I said I was going where my leg went so they left it on. It finally healed though it has always bothered. When I laid in that hospital I wished I was home with mother.

In the army we were used to a menu of 'sow belly' salt meat and coffee, but in the hospital, we got hard biscuits and tea.

There were four Rebels in there and they used to roast me something fierce. 'What did you'uns come down here to fit wouns for? I can hear them saying it yet. I had always been a Democrat but after that I turned Republican and have been so ever since. These Rebels are Democrats.

I voted for Abraham Lincoln. On August 15, 1865, I was discharged from the army and went out to Marengo, Iowa, where my father had moved. There I was elected Justice of the Peace later on and married 65 couples during my office. One day a couple came in to be married and after the ceremony the fellow asked me how much I charged. I told him the law allowed \$2.00 but he could pay me anything over that, whatever he wanted to. He gave me \$10.00. There happened to be another Justice of the Peace there, a Dutchman. He heard about this \$10.00 fee and wanted to know how I managed it. Well I told him how it was. Later a foxy young Dutchman who was 'putting on the dog,' came in with his girl to get married.

My friend the Justice married them all right and hoping maybe he could get a bigger fee than the regular \$2.00, he stalled around until the happy young groom asked him what

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the fee would be. And right there the judge got confused and stuttered a little. 'Well, well', oh, just whatever you want to give me.' He got 50¢ and was so mad he gave it to his 3 constable to buy cigars for himself.

There were nine saloons in town and I was thoroughly disgusted with the business so decided to try Nebraska state and locate in some dry town. I finally landed in Central City in 1875 and started a grocery store.

About 1877 the Quakers came there and built a college. They called themselves 'Friends' and were the finest people I have ever known, the nicest on earth, kindly, unselfish, honest and sincere. Their word was as good as their money. I was a railroad mail clerk in 1880 to 1882 running from Central City to Nebraska City. This work was interesting and I liked it fine. But they asked me to transfer to the Union Pacific run out of Grand Island; working Sundays too and I wouldn't change, as Sunday work seemed wrong to me.

After a few years in [Easter?] Nebraska in the hardware business, we moved to Lincoln and have been here ever since.

This isn't home to me anymore since my last wife died. She was Christian Scientist and my two daughters didn't like her or her faith and so they left me, and after I had put them through the University and did everything I could for them.

I was a bass drummer for 40 years and have sung lots in quartets. The old singing schools got me interested in singing. They used to go to these in big crowds and sing in fours and eights, sometimes all together. I have sung this 'Nebraska Land' song a good many times to the air of 'Beulah Land.'

4

I I've reached the land of corn and wheat, Of pumpkin pie and potatoes sweet. I got my land from Uncle Sam And I am happy as a clan.

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Chorus: Oh, Nebraska Land, Sweet Nebraska Land, As on the highest bluff I stand, I look away across the plain And wonder if it will ever rain, And when I turn and view my corn I think I'll never sell my farm.

II When first I came to get my start, My neighbors they were miles apart. But now there's one on every claim, And two or three all want the same.

Chorus:

III My horses are Norman and Percheon stock My chickens they are Plymouth Rock My cows are Jersey, very fine, And Poland China are my swine.

Chorus:

IV Now at last the ears are here, We wanted them for many a year And won't you, with me, take a smile For I have freighted, many a mile.

Chorus.

5

A seventy five year old lady here in town is always trying to get some 'rig' on me by way of a joke. So she asked me while some of us were together, 'What is the difference between an Irish man and a Jackass?' I said, 'I don't know, what is the difference?' 'Well, says she, "There aint any.'

The worst knock I ever got in my life was when they turned me down for a drivers license, said I was too old. Now here I sit, day in day out just waiting and doing nothing. I have eight afflictions and suffer a lot yet my physical health was never better.

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We have a good class of people today. They're not bad at all, although lots of folks try to make out that way. A lot of those old timer pioneers fell away short of being angels.